The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Hanging On

THE way the cold war throws things out of whack can hardly be better illustrated than by the current situation in Japan. The United States is consistently in favor of unfettered self-government. General MacArthur himself has said that after five years an occupation tends to lose its usefulness. That is, occupation *per se*. Yet in this instance, it seems unavoidable that Japanese occupation, or something akin to it, be continued. The idea that Secretary Johnson, General Bradley and Mr. Dulles, meeting jointly or separately with General MacArthur, were to sketch the plans for immediate American withdrawal, has its fantastic side.

Japan's eighty millions are clearly the most literate and the most technically advanced in the whole Far East. Pressure on national food resources is intense and there is a large Japanese proletariat. The Japanese Communists, although held in firm check by MacArthur, are an active, able group. With the ending of occupation and a number of controls, the possibilities of subversive infiltration within the nation itself would be enormous. Also, cessation or diminution of American aid would inevitably bring widespread poverty and the unrest so ably exploited by Communists everywhere.

Moreover, trade with Mao's China would develop on a large scale, bringing with it increasing numbers of official personnel from the Asiatic mainland. Japan, which after defeat was completely disarmed, would be under pressures from within and without. Observers believe that it could not hold out for many months.

In other words, any plan for immediate American withdrawal brings with it the extreme likelihood that Japan would go the way of China. That certain officials of our State Department should be pushing such a policy hard is a strain on a citizen's belief.

The Japanese have the reputation for being at least as inscrutable to us as we find other Orientals. But they are trying, it seems, to make it clear that our departure is getting to be overdue. The war slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics," was beamed principally from Tokyo and continues to represent a common aspiration. The victors in the recent Japanese election campaigned for the speedy conclusion of a peace treaty. Editorials in the Japanese press seek to hasten the day of our departure. Local polls testify to our current popularity (and Russian unpopularity). Continued occupation threatens to alienate the affection which the clear-headed MacArthur policies have built up. So the argument for withdrawal runs—with a few chunks of strategic counsel about the Philippines and Formosa comprising a much more tenable defense line.

The MacArthur policy is not itself static. The Japanese will continue to increase their autonomies all the time. The United States is still honestly committed to the principle of Japanese independence. The point is that this is not the time for the big change. The United States must hang on until the threat from without is tempered and until Japan is politically and economically a great deal stronger. The second requirement indicates how much work remains to be done before the occupiers can relinquish the reins and go home. It involves not only the development of new productive industries but a solution of the Japanese need for markets as well.

AND so we must defer launching the recent scourge of Asia on her own until we can do so with reasonable confidence. Perhaps there is some dramatic way of making it plain that Americans remain in Japan no longer as occupiers but as defenders. Human resistance to change and acceptance of a going system can be counted on to counterbalance considerable agitation.

It would be a small favor to the Japanese to accede to an apparently strong desire for independence only to deliver them into the hands of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• THIS WEEK •

Week by Week 283

I Blame Cross-Filing
by Harry W. Flannery 288

America in Europe
by Lily Doblhoff 290

The Postwar Theater
by Clara Menck 292

The Strike Complex
by Francis Downing 294

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 295

Of Note 296

Books 298

Editor: Edward S. Skillin
Contributing Editor: Philip Burnham
Managing Editor: Edward F. Meagher
Feature Editor: John Cogley
Assistant Editor: William Pfaff

Associate Editors
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Gregory Smith
Cinema: Philip T. Hartung
Theatre: Walter Kerr

Advertising Manager: John Brubaker

• NEXT WEEK •

"The Davenport, Iowa diocese, like most predominantly rural dioceses, is more than uneasy about the current drift from the land to the cities," says DONALD MCDONALD in "A Rural Life Program."

He tells of Dr. Paul Sacco's program to help families make a living on the land. Dr. Sacco was recently named diocesan director of agriculture by the Bishop of Davenport. "If a family is not making a living, we can preach to them forever about the advantages of staying on the land—but we will not keep them there," Sacco says.

the worst of all imperialisms. And how could it be to American interest to drop Japan into the Russian lap in the name of the principle of self-determination?

Waiting

THE Republicans are looking for an issue—a really good issue that will cut across geographic and class lines. *Liberty vs Socialism* doesn't seem to be able to do the trick, nor even the Communists-in-government scare. The Washington columnist David Lawrence has a suggestion. He says the GOP should latch on to the universal desire to avoid another war (universal in the US, that is: thousands in the satellite countries pray for war as earnestly as we pray for peace because they see it as their only hope for liberation) and play it for all it's worth. ". . . the Republicans have been asleep," Lawrence says. "They could have pressed the Administration to define its policy clearly. They could have attacked the over-emphasis which has been placed on arms spending, and the under-emphasis which has been placed on the negotiation idea or peace planning."

The United States, as Lawrence says, is surely locked in a dilemma—either it continues the present arms race, which may eventually lead to a shooting war, or it capitulates now, before a shot has been fired, and hands Russia the free world on a silver platter. Any man or party that comes up with a realistic program to resolve that dilemma will surely win the day.

But is such a program possible? Will there ever be a time when the present leaders of Russia will be ready for Mr. Acheson's "meaningful negotiation"?

Political acumen and diplomacy play an important role in the history of men, but they cannot be expected to perform miracles. They cannot change the violent principles of Marxism and the desperate zeal of those who accept it. They cannot change the fact that it is impossible for Marxism of its nature to live peacefully in a predominantly non-Marxist world. For a short time, during the war, people thought it was, but the perverse doctrines of the system triumphed again, as soon as the shooting was over. Diplomacy may delay, or modify, or alter somewhat the inevitable clashes between Communism and the free world. But they cannot cancel them out. Not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

until Marxism is no longer Marxism, or freedom is no longer freedom.

A miracle could do that—but we cannot demand miracles, we can only be grateful for them. We may secretly hope that something wonderfully unforeseen will happen. We may hope that the peoples of the East will rise in their silent might and so limit the inevitable violence scientists expect to destroy the civilized world. And the US may plan and work to this end. But it still remains only a hope.

We may hope for a real leader, a saint who will be able to do what our threats and dollars and stockpiles of bombs can never do—a revolutionary like Saint Francis able to touch the minds and hearts of even the men in the Kremlin. But that too is only a hope: such a one cannot be drafted by the State Department like a dollar-a-year man.

We may hope for many things, but the way it is, we can only see through a glass, darkly.

We are playing a difficult, discouraging game. As Walter Lippmann said recently, we do not have the leadership which once promised only blood, sweat and tears but offered with them a clear final goal. Rather, we are like a man who takes one fearful step at a time into unknown territory. There is no battle cry in the cold war. Necessarily, it is a struggle between men in striped trousers who carry on while the rest of us stand along the sidelines awaiting possible extinction.

In the meantime, life goes on—in Europe, in Russia, in the Orient, in America, life goes on. People have children, buy houses, accept down-payments and outline long trilogies. Like the Italian workmen one hears predicting another war while they groan and sweat to restore a battered cathedral, we probably act illogically. But there is a wisdom above logic. By it we know instinctively that to live in fear is already to be dead.

The Amoral Machine

THE fantastic machinery of modern political organization runs only as it is directed, and once in motion it can be merciless indeed. One of the earliest of the displaced persons agreements was made in 1947 by Belgium. A considerable number of DP's (the number is estimated to be twelve to fourteen thousand) agreed with the Belgian government to accept employment as coal miners for two years. They were to have the privilege of freely choosing their employment, of returning to the professions or skills many of them were equipped to practice, at the end of the two years, and they were to retain their right to emigrate overseas.

The two years have been finished now, and these DP's have found that their agreement is not honored. Mr. Boris Gourevitch explained the matter in detail in our issue of May 26, and he demanded that these unfortunate people be given that which they were promised.

The original agreement was loosely written out of the inexperience and confusion of postwar Europe. That is the explanation, such as there is, for the present tragic situation.

About 5,000 of these DP's have now returned to Germany from Belgium. They came after completing two years in Belgian mines and finding that the mines were the only future Belgium offered, or they are people who were unable to finish out the two years of mine labor.

Because of the circumstances of the original agreement, the American government is willing to consider these people who have returned in good faith to Germany as eligible to emigrate to the United States.

Now the United States has a liberalized displaced persons law. It is possible for the Displaced Persons Commission to act under that law to admit these 5,000, and end for them a journey that has been long and exhausting. So far the DP Commission has not been willing to do this, and the 5,000 wait in Germany. It is possible that in the fall when the bulk of European DP's have been settled, the Commission will turn to these people, who were willing to give two years of labor to European reconstruction, and allow them to come to America.

Over 70% of those who went to Belgium remain there today, continuing work as miners. They have settled their families and are living decently and respectably—they are simply denied the right to work anywhere else but in the mines. Belgium has failed to implement (to use restrained language) that part of its agreement with the DP's. Unemployment is serious in Belgium—a reason that fails to be a justification.

The movement of the machinery has caught up these people, 5,000 of whom are again in the refugee camps of Western Germany, and the others who remain miners, but would like to work as their education has prepared them to work, and do as they want to do.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keeping Left

WHEN the Labor Party's executive committee on foreign policy announced that Labor was against Britain's participating in current political and economic plans to federate Europe, and when, despite this, Labor's Prime Minister Attlee said the next day that his Government desired "to help and not to hinder" the French plan for pooling Europe's coal and steel, a member of the Opposition suggested that the Labor Party's mind be examined for schizophrenia.

Labor's mental condition, if not that serious, is not a new one. Its mind has long been split on foreign policy. Composed of Trade Unionists, Marxian socialists, Fabians, Co-operativists and Christian socialists, the Party has what is called a Left Wing scattered throughout these groups. Strong on socialist theory and economic planning, the Left Wingers have agitated since Labor's victory in 1945 for a truly socialist foreign policy. What they mean by this can be learned from their writings dating from 1945 in, among other sources, the *New Statesman and Nation,* where their views are published.

Briefly, it is this. Just as capitalism breeds domestic individualism and antagonisms, so it breeds nationalism and war in international relations. Socialism, however, removes this competitive environment. Therefore, get rid of capitalism, substitute socialism and you get rid of war. Labor's foreign policy, then, should be to work for world socialism and against the "continuity" of Britain's former capitalist foreign policy. On these grounds, the Left Wing in 1945, thinking of Russia as a socialist state, favored close co-operation with the Soviets (Left Winger Hugh Dalton defended the slogan "Left understands Left" at the 1945 Labor Conference); also, the Left Wing opposed armaments and advocated a socialist Greece and the abandoning of Britain's colonial bases.

However, the more conservative Laborites—Attlee, Bevin and Morrison—prevailed. They were for cautious negotiation with Russia, gradual disarmament, a slow transition to democracy in Greece and gradual abandonment of Britain's overseas bases. In short, a mild semi-continuity of Britain's old foreign policy. Events soon proved them right. When Russia became more and more aggressive, she so betrayed the socialist theory of a necessarily peaceful, non-capitalist internationalism that Labor's Left Wingers, disenchanted of their notion of Russia as a socialist state, had to re-think their ideas on foreign policy.

Basically they stuck to their anti-capitalist formula and this question kept bothering them: To what extent can socialists afford to collaborate with capitalist states? Unhappy over Labor's slow-socialist foreign policy, they continued to heckle Bevin. Finally, when the logic of the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Union overwhelmed Britain and the Labor Party, Bevin won his case and the Left Wingers acquiesced in what was for them, as the Historian M. A. Fitzsimons has said, a kind of convenient and unholy alliance of capitalist and socialist states.

NOW, with this latest statement from Chairman Hugh Dalton's committee on foreign policy, the Left Wingers are apparently resolved to be less acquiescent. To the rest of the world the timing of their statement seemed like a low blow, knocking the wind out of Europe's first real post-war enthusiasm. To Left Wingers, however, it must have seemed like the time to strike and their reasoning is not hard to fathom.

For if Britain were to pool her coal and steel with a non-socialist, relatively free-enterprise Continent, all bound together by a supra-national authority such as France wants, she would simply bolster the alliance of capitalist and socialist states. Britain would still not have a socialist foreign policy, the world would not be moving toward socialism or away from war. So it would be wiser instead to wait for a socialist Germany. And that might not be far off. It might well come about this way: with continuing unemployment in Western Germany, the idea of socialist planning for full employment will look better and better. The Germans will, therefore, press hard to bring the Social Democrats to power by making Social Democratic West Berlin the thirteenth laender in the West German state, thus overcoming the slim majority that Adenauer's Rightist coalition now has. If this happens, a newly socialist Germany, the biggest Continental producer in the proposed coal-steel pool, would set a socialist, planned pattern to the whole thing and the British Left Wingers' dream of a Socialist Europe would then practically have come true. As the Dalton committee put it: "Socialists would, of course, welcome a European economic union which was based on international planning for full employment, social justice and stability" —that is, a socialist Europe only.

When Mr. Attlee was asked by the Opposition

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to repudiate the Dalton committee report, he replied that the Cabinet sets British foreign policy, not the executive committee. But he would not repudiate Dalton. Attlee's performance was hardly as "two-faced" as his opponents charged, for as the record reveals (he wrote in 1937: "there is no agreement on foreign policy between a Labor Opposition and a capitalist Government") Attlee shares with the Left Wingers their expectation of a world socialist order and of a British socialist foreign policy. He differs with them over their impatient choice of means. More than they do, he favors a cautious collaboration with non-socialist states. To say, then, that Labor is the victim of a schizophrenic attitude on foreign policy is an inaccurate, if embarrassing, diagnosis of this difference over technique.

THERE is inherent in the Laborites' theory of a socialist foreign policy, with its neat and doctrinaire non-capitalist formula, the utopian messianic fervor of the post-Marxian social revolutionist. This tone can be found especially in the writings of the Left Wingers, who are, after all, the truly orthodox socialists and whose function in life is largely to remind the Attlees and the Bevins to keep left where they belong. And the Attlees cannot logically repudiate them.

The Left Wingers are the Party purists, serving like a conscience. To save true socialist doctrine from impurity, they are quite willing to endure even contradictions. Take, for example, the Left Wing record on world government: in 1945 they favored it as part of a socialist foreign policy. Today they give as one reason for turning down European federation the fact that it would involve a sacrifice of sovereignty to a supra-national body—exactly what world government requires. They are, of course, quite right in saying that Europe is not ready yet for world government and that Britain's national interests must be protected. But underlying all this is something else. Basically the Left Wingers are protecting the true socialist doctrine of world government which is, to paraphrase the Dalton committee's report, that British socialists will welcome a world government which is based on international planning for full employment, social justice and stability—in other words, only a socialist world government.

There is here a totalitarian overtone of the same sort that makes orthodox Marxists shudder at the idea of the co-existence of capitalism and Communism. This attitude is quite at variance with Labor's splendid record on domestic social democracy and at variance, too, with Western democracy's great and saving achievement—the ability to compromise or tolerate differences, to live and let live.

It is very likely that the Laborites, due to the force of circumstances, will be compelled to compromise on the coal-steel plan just as they were compelled to compromise and join the European Payments Plan after first rejecting it. Britain cannot afford to isolate herself from the Continent, regardless of the Left Wingers' doctrinal strictures. Attlee doubtless points this out to Dalton and Dalton cannot repudiate *him,* either.

But whatever compromise is reached, the Left Wingers will be there to remind the British compromisers to keep left, on the road to the planned, socialist utopia of tomorrow. The dilemma over a truly socialist foreign policy will remain. It will be for the Laborites to work that out for themselves. But since it is a dilemma and a decision that could mean the undoing of Europe's slow but gratifying progress toward democratic federation, everyone who hopes for a Western and, eventually, a world community of nations, will be more than interested in knowing how the Laborites work it out.

• THE STAGE •

This week Walter Kerr, who has been associated for the past twelve years with the Speech and Drama Department of the Catholic University of America, joins the staff of THE COMMONWEAL as its drama critic. Mr. Kerr is the author of several Broadway productions, among them "Sing Out, Sweet Land" and "Touch and Go." He was a founder of the Catholic University Theater, where he served as director. In recent years this Theater has been the source of a number of other stage successes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Blame Cross-Filing

California has enough confusion without Republicans running as Democrats—and vice versa.

By HARRY W. FLANNERY

CALIFORNIA, home of more political-economic nostrums and more varied strange religious cults per square mile than any other region on earth, is also the only state in the union with a cross-filing system.

If you don't live in California, you may not understand what is meant by "cross-filing." If you do live in California, you probably won't understand it either.

But I know. I know because I was a candidate for Congress in California.

Cross-filing is the name given to a system by which the people of California are theoretically saved from the evils said to be represented by politicians and parties. Instead, Californians are said to be provided with all the beauties and blessings of non-partisanship. Cross-filing enables a candidate to seek the nomination of more than one party at the same time. Non-partisanship, as an idea and word, has a more enticing appeal than political parties. It has within it the promise of making government respectable.

Non-partisanship is desirable in foreign policy. I'm for it there. In a time when playing politics with atomic bombs can end with the bombs going off in our faces, who but a handful of newspapers, paddling along after the Chicago *Tribune,* and some malcontents in the Congress, would be so benighted as to want to return foreign policy to the political arena? Of course there will always be McCarthys who will present to the world a disturbingly false picture of our State Department, and there will be some who will find legitimate cause to disagree with the way we have handled foreign policy, as in China, or Hungary, or Czechoslovakia, but comes the Gallup pollster, and we'd plump 80 per cent for a non-partisan foreign policy. (Another 19 per cent would be in the "don't know" classification.)

Non-partisanship might be all right, too, for city and county government, and an argument could be made for it on the state level, but when it comes to the Federal government, we operate on a party basis, as does every other Federal government. Parties are inevitable as a means of organizing people who have the same kind of attitudes and objectives in political affairs. They are the practical means of organization to attain ends. They serve as the means of assessing responsibility. Washington political philosophy and action is based on party affiliation.

★

WHAT happens in California? In that state of sunshine and confusion, a candidate can file on the ticket of his own party and also on that of his opponent. He can do that without stating his party affiliation on the ballot. All that is necessary is payment of the filing fees, and presentation of a petition signed by a sufficient number of registered voters of the party living within the district.

To take the example which naturally comes first to my mind, my opponent, Gordon L. McDonough, in the Fifteenth District, California, was able to put his name on the Democratic ballot, and put after his name: "Member, U. S. Congress, Fifteenth District." Furthermore, since the law provides that the incumbent's name goes first on the ballot, Abou Ben McDonough led all the rest.

Under these circumstances, a Democrat goes into a polling booth, looks over his Democratic ballot, finally works down to Congress, 15th District, and sees the name "McDonough" there as Congressman. If he is a good Democrat who likes what the party has done, he says to himself: "McDonough is the Congressman in my district. Good for him. Why change? My 'X' goes after his name, of course."

★

BUT doesn't the voter understand the system and know whether the incumbent is a Democrat or not? No, generally speaking, he doesn't.

There are many reasons. One is that the newspapers devote almost no space to the Congressional races. One local political editor told me his paper ignored political news stories, except on occasion, because the people were not interested in politics. Politics in that paper frankly has to compete with the latest exploits of Mickey Cohen, Ingrid Bergman and the "rat packs." McCarthy, Hiss and Lattimore can make its

HARRY W. FLANNERY *is a newspaperman and radio correspondent who has just completed an unsuccessful campaign for Congress from California's 15th District.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

headlines, but even Warren has a difficult time. He had to get into a fight with Jimmy Roosevelt to rate.

The other papers carry political columns during the election campaigns, but these are principally read by the candidates and those who are already acquainted with cross-filing. When they do mention an incumbent who prefers not to state his political affiliation, this wish is respected.

Such an incumbent also is careful that his billboards and his literature avoid mention of his party. Some Republicans made mailings to Democrats in which they suggested that they, too, were of the party of Wilson, Roosevelt and Truman. "To a Fellow Democrat," said Representative Nixon, on his mailing piece to a Democratic list. McDonough, speaking before the League of Women Voters, who are mostly Democrats, declared: "I am the only duly elected head of the Democratic Party in the Fifteenth District."

That was technically true. He was elected on the Democratic ballot, due to cross-filing, in three previous elections. But it did not mean he was a registered Democrat, or that he had voted Democrat.

★

THIS situation could be and can be overcome. Democrats in California have more registered voters than the Republicans. The ratio was three to two in my district. The job is to inform them.

A pre-election poll taken over the state showed that forty per cent of the people thought Warren was a Democrat. Polls taken in my district showed that a similar percentage thought McDonough a Democrat. Wasn't he on the Democratic ballot in the primary? Wasn't he on the Democratic ballot in the fall of 1948, 1946, and 1944?

Frankly, I did not know the full record of my opponent until I entered the campaign. I knew how he had voted on some issues. I knew he voted Republican, but I had not realized he was one of those members of the House who repeatedly voted to reduce the Marshall Plan appropriation to crippling proportions, thus causing Senator Vandenberg so much trouble. He voted against the Atlantic Pact in its every step. He was one of those who voted against aid to Great Britain some years ago, and one of that wilful group who voted against aid to Korea. McDonough had voted against measures to broaden and improve Social Security, for reduction of income taxes in the higher brackets, for the Bulwinkle Bill, for Taft-Hartley, for the voluntary FEPC, and so on.

Presenting that picture to the people was difficult and expensive. The population of the Fifteenth is almost as much as that of the city of St. Louis. There is no party organization, and no time to form one during a campaign. Precinct work is unknown.

If sufficient funds are available, these people can still be reached, but some Democratic Congressional candidates tried to operate this year on a few thousand dollars. This is nothing when a mailing to Democrats only in the Fifteenth costs about $1,600, and no astute advertising man expects to sell his story in one mailing. The effect is similar in the use of television and radio; large percentages of the people are not reached at all in the few weeks these media can be afforded.

What's more, money is usually tight in a primary election. Further, the labor organizations which backed me and other Democrats in the primary, were hog-tied by Taft-Hartley Act restrictions.

You allocate what money you can get as carefully as possible for headquarters, for a small staff, telephones, folders, quarter cards, a mailing, some radio and television, and you make talks night and day to any group that can be brought together in any part of the district.

You realize it's a hard battle with the incumbent reckoned by political observers to have a forty percent advantage.

★

SOME Southern California Democrats won their primaries. Esther Murray came through in the Sixteenth, after a campaign that was started several years ago, with the aid of some of the more wealthy liberals in the Beverly Hills area, and after having carried on a whirlwind battle, featuring house parties. Steve Zetterberg and Sam Yorty won their primaries. I lost by 2,900 votes, after leading in the counting the first day.

We who lost rejoice that there were some who won, and we shall do all we can to aid the ticket headed by Jimmy Roosevelt for governor and Helen Gahagan Douglas for the Senate.

But none of us who favor the Truman Fair Deal look forward with anticipation to seeing the names of reactionary Republicans on Democratic ballots this fall, and to realizing the way is now open for them to go to Washington for another two years as our "representatives." It isn't so much that we lost, though this is a major consideration, as that we believe the policies of reaction can bring about a depression and a war.

Countless loyal supporters have called and blamed themselves for not doing enough work. They are fine new friends. We all did the best we could.

I blame none of them. I blame cross-filing. And I now join the number who want to end it, so we can bring political party responsibility back to California. The state has enough confusion without continuing cross-filing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America in Europe

After five years both peoples are getting on each other's nerves.

By LILY DOBLHOFF

IN THE BEGINNING it was like a fairy-tale. Happy, smiling faces looking at one another; soldiers, nay, heroes, the long-awaited Americans, bringing with them the greatest gift, freedom from fear; and welcoming them, the haggard, hungry faces of Europeans, worn out by fear, starvation and the long years of passionate expectation.

Sometimes in a snapshot only a few years old we see those happy faces again and remember the flowers garlanding American jeeps, and the gifts the Americans showered on pale children and pathetic, shabby women.

Then, the people of Europe were eager to get to know the spirit, the heart, the habits of the far-off unknown continent which had been discovered and built up by Europeans of former times. And Americans were eager to know the spirit, the heart, the habits of this far-off continent they had come to, the ancient soil in which America has its roots.

What a different world that seems now, only five years later! Then, that was reality. Today the voice of reality is the voice of the French taxi-driver who chatted with me a few days ago driving along the spring-scented Champs Elysées: "You speak of occupation . . . don't you know that we too are occupied? Occupied by the Americans." And when I denied that, he shrugged his shoulders in that semi-ironic *gouailleuse* way of the French: "No, of course not occupied by arms, by boots, but by petrol, by dollars."

Now, the voice of reality is the voice of that Catholic intellectual who, quite seriously, without sensing the enormity of his words, spoke in the same breath of the materialism of Marxism and the materialism of all-powerful capitalism.

It seems that the fairy-tale has come to an end, and the harsh realities of the present are demanding recognition.

There is, for instance, a fact which, though it expresses itself in small details, represents one of the greatest dangers to European-American relationships. Americans see that in Europe there is chaos, dispute, poverty and hunger, while in their own country there is plenty to eat, healthy people earn good wages that enable them to own their own homes, children are pink-cheeked, opportunities are open to everybody. That is the way Americans see things, so it is natural that they should want to explain to these poor wretched Europeans, who seem to have made such a mess of their lives and their politics, how it is that life is so wonderfully different back home. They want to teach the Europeans, to enlighten them on how they can improve — improve by following the American methods, the American way of life.

★

A GREEK friend, a woman who fought heroically in the underground during the war and whom I saw a few months after the first delirium of liberation, told me how very kind the Americans had been when they entered her country, how touchingly kind, and yes, how touchingly incomprehending of every small alien thing they found. They kept telling her, for instance, how unnecessary it was for her to long for help in the house, to wish for a servant. They explained to her that back home there was no one to help in the house: food could be bought ready-made in cans and everything could be kept in a refrigerator. "They forgot," the woman told me, "that we in Europe do not have so much tinned food, and, besides, I don't like tinned food. I don't want to live only by the help of a frigidaire. I want to taste the special flavor that only I add to a dish. I want to sit silent and still under a tree, think of a book I am working on, and in the afternoon, at sunset, I want someone to bring me a cup of steaming tea."

Another fact. It was at the time of the Austrian elections. A European journalist had been asked to cover the outcome because it *might* be interesting for American readers. The European newspaperman wrote a vivid and exact account. But the story was never used in America, though its high quality was appreciatively acknowledged. "The Austrian elections had not turned out to be as *sensational* as had been expected," the European writer was told.

LILY DOBLHOFF *is a political correspondent who lives in Paris.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No European could understand how it was that the Americans, the people Europeans regarded with such hope and confidence, simply do not realize that the true sensation of an election in a small and impoverished country torn to pieces by foreign occupation and the memory of barbarous dictatorship lies in the very fact that no "sensation"—no fights, no rows, no incidents—took place . . . that the people, miraculously, had been able to keep their heads.

To take another example, how could a European keep from wincing when at a dinner the toast was *"To the United States of America!"* and the American at the head of the table answered with charm, good-will . . . and no consideration for the sensitivities of human beings who have suffered much. "I would rather drink to the health of Europe, she needs it more!" the American answered. Every word the man said was true; the Europeans knew it. But it is mostly a matter of timing to know when truth can be presented so that it is also acceptable. It is a question of knowing when to say things, not necessarily when they happen but when they can be understood. And this tact, this awareness, is by no means an American trait.

★

TO ALL such examples illustrating the lack of tact among Americans in Europe, there is a very easy answer. The Americans gave and are giving Europe an incredible amount of help. They not only sacrificed the lives of their sons during the war, they are also continuing, in peacetime when the emergency is not so easy to understand, to sacrifice a great deal of their wealth in order to help this devastated old continent. As a European friend who is full of understanding told me, it is hard to imagine Europeans ready to make such heavy sacrifices as Americans do, with such good-will, in such a generous spirit. The answer to all you hear—all the anecdotes that illustrate the tactlessness and superciliousness of Americans—may of course be that Americans really don't have to worry about the small matter of tact. They don't have to burden themselves by being careful of every word they utter. They have already proved by their deeds how kind and good-hearted they are.

This is true, just as the examples of American tactlessness are true. But bare truth isn't enough for dealing with delicate situations and solving intricate problems. Two more things are needed: the ability to appreciate the conclusions from facts, and the ability and willingness to understand the truth.

To be able to draw conclusions is not one of the traits of youth, and Americans are a young people—that will not be disputed by anyone, not even by Americans themselves. Youthfulness is the Americans' strength. It gives them dash, it is their charm, it makes many things simple for them that are complicated for other peoples. It must surely be bitter for them to sense their unpopularity after all they have done for Europe. Perhaps the relations between Americans and Europeans have reached a crucial stage. Relations may be at the turning point from which they may either change for the better or, equally possible, become solidified in permanent bitter estrangement and misunderstanding.

★

WHEN Americans came over to Europe five years ago, neither they nor the Europeans knew how profoundly different they were from each other. Both sides believed that to smile, to kiss, to give flowers or food was enough. To shake hands, it was thought, meant nearness. To have fought against the same enemy, to have hoped for the same victory meant also the ability to build up one world.

One of the most important truths that Americans have to understand, even if it makes no sense to them now, is that institutions, habits, ways of life and, above all, feelings that are valid and good on the other side of the ocean are sometimes quite unacceptable on this side. It was only natural that Americans, having come from a rich and secure world to a wretched, impoverished and ruined continent, wanted to install here the ways of life and the system that created their own flourishing world and happy people.

The first days after the war, when Americans had just arrived, were cloudless. Then the question of being nice, of laughing, of lavishly bringing gifts, was the basis of American-European relationship. Europeans, after five years of slaughter and terror, longed to be allowed to enjoy things, to breathe the radiance of youth and laughter, of easy kissing and casual embraces. They were in heaven with the charming, youthful Americans.

But then it became obvious that these charming young people would have to cope with military, political, educational problems. And then Europeans saw that not only their own problems but the problems of the whole world could not be solved by charm, by touching good-will or by CARE parcels—perhaps not even by the Marshall Plan. So they became worried. Did these engaging young people mean it seriously? Did they really want to learn how to deal with human beings and intricate situations? Did they understand how little time the civilized world had to unite and build up something solid? Did they realize that their elders, the people of Europe, had passed through so many upheavals, had seen the failure of so many different "systems" that they could not believe it was going to be enough

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simply to establish things in Europe that had proved to be good in America?

Europeans were tired of contradictions. They were weary of hearing about one world while they knew at the same time that within their boundaries there were a hundred million people who were not allowed to unite. They listened to advice about creating a healthy, efficient Europe again. But at the same time they saw that those four ways by which certain European countries had actually reached a kind of individual equilibrium were not accepted—at least not willingly—by Americans. Socialism in Britain, a kind of fascism in Spain, a sort of national communism in Jugoslavia and a leisurely individualism that might lead to anarchy but at the moment still reminds one of ancient Greece's attempt to "survive in beauty and culture"—all these drew American frowns. Europeans will never be able to understand the contradiction between the words of the American radio vigorously advising the people of Europe to resist Communism, and the words written in the American press which gave the impression that Chamberlain's umbrella had again been taken out of the closet.

★

ONE FEELS somehow that after all it is only the lies, the false and empty catchwords, that are poisoning the relations between Americans and Europeans and thereby endangering peace and the reconstruction of the world. One wonders why it is not possible to tell the simple truth? Americans and Europeans are profoundly different. Now, having to live in a smaller world, by their necessary nearness they get on each other's nerves. But why not add that the stereotyped pictures both parties have made of each other—under the influence of this necessary nearness—are false, and often also very unjust?

At the present time Americans tend to think of Europeans as whining people, stretching out their hands, begging for more and more of that most precious commodity, dollars—dollars that the American tax-payer has to take out of his pocket, deduct from his everyday pleasures. On the other hand, Europeans see in Americans mostly dashing young GI's taking little care of either things or people, slapping everyone on the shoulder and telling them how to do things—because they, being Americans, they of course *know*.

Why not get to the truth in regard to both peoples? Why not be aware that Americans have been ready to make real sacrifices for the sake of helping Europe? Why not acknowledge that Europeans too have been ready to make heroic sacrifices—and have had to—just to exist, to keep alight the torch of Christian civilization in the midst of starvation and a barbaric conquest?

FROM GERMANY

The Postwar Theater

WHITSUNTIDE has passed without any bloody incident in Berlin and everybody here is relaxing from political tensions. The fear of a hot war—as a consequence of the "March to Berlin" by the "Free Democratic Youth" of the Soviet zone—has dissolved in the peaceful heat of a tropical summer. Those who stored up for the "emergency" can now eat their canned food. The others, who have used up their political energy in reassuring the fearful, feel inclined to recover from politics in the cultural field.

The intense cultural activity in Germany has startled foreigners ever since the end of the war. This activity has been criticized, inside and outside Germany, as a kind of escapism. And to a degree, that is true. But to be just, one should add that escaping from cold and overcrowded rooms or from disturbing and terrible memories seems quite natural. Others explained this interest in cultural meetings, musical and theatrical performances and exhibitions as a consequence of the economic situation before the currency reform. When cooking-pots and clothes were not to be had, surely these activities were the next best thing. But though this mushrooming of theaters and exhibitions was a sham-blossom from this point of view, there was something genuine in it. The history of these activities—above all, the development of the theater—reflects the attitude of the German middle-class to their own past and to the outside world.

★

THE first years after the war were characterized not only by material distress, but also by a great hunger for making contact with the intellectual world abroad. Most minds were open to new influences. Much could have been done in the line of re-education, had re-education been more than a vague program. But the general confusion and red tape delayed these contacts. Neither books nor copyrights for translations could be gotten, and, as for the importing of films, the economic point of view got the upper hand of re-education. People were looking forward to really good American films, the memory of which had grown to be a sort of myth in Nazi times. The second- or third-class stuff they got in the first post-war years (with some few exceptions) did not add much, though, to the disillusion or embarrassment of pro-American circles, because as luck would have it, the Russian films were still worse.

So the theater was more or less the bridge to intellectual activities abroad. Of course in Germany, too, the stage is a medium less widespread than the screen, but this chance of contacting the world and making up for the intellectual loss of many years attracted a public that had not gone to the theater before. If, to a certain degree, the slogan "superficial American civilization"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was destroyed during this time, it was due to some of the American playwrights. Above all, "Our Town" and "The Skin of Our Teeth" were considered revelations of spiritual and artistic truths. They were staged in nearly all the towns and Thornton Wilder was the most discussed author for a time. Next to him, some French authors were most popular. Anouilhs' "Antigone" and "Eurydice," and Giraudoux' "La Guerre de Troyes n'a pas lieu" seemed to express the sentiments of the younger generation. Camus' "Caligula" was well appreciated too. But there was a real enthusiasm for the American theater, and Gustaf Gruendgens, the famous stage-manager and actor, was not wrong when he said that American playwrights would be very astonished if they knew what philosophies and spiritual profundities German performers and critics were detecting in their plays.

★

AFTER the currency reform the situation changed. At first only the economic side of this change was visible. The audiences shrunk. Intellectuals and artists, who bore the burden of the economic restoration, and workers, who were again able to buy clothes and cooking-pots, had to stay at home. Theaters and concerts were empty and when, after a critical time, they slowly filled up again, it was the well-to-do people who were the regular theater-goers—a conservative-minded public whose ideal was, say, a program of Schiller, Goethe and "The Merry Widow."

Now and then, the managers dared to stage a modern play of a serious kind. But the architectural style of the new, or reconstructed, theaters in many small towns has become a true symbol of the mentality of this older generation, who are dominant in the arts, in politics, and also among the state and municipal officials who subsidize these theaters. A façade of modern functionalism is combined with an interior in the style of the moderate-progressive classicism of 1910.

But there are many who do not want to give in to these officials. Though only 20 out of 200 private theaters are left in West Germany—most of them are very small and in endless financial difficulties—many managers and performers are eager to continue the experiments and contacts of the first postwar years. All modern plays that are staged with some success in New York, London and Paris are sure of being staged in Germany, too, though after some delay. There is still a fervent interest, among the little theaters that hardly make a living and among groups of young intellectuals, in finding out, on the boards where the world is represented, what the enigma of this world is. And as their audiences you will find the best of that generation that feels lost in a queer country, governed by old men, by a noble but lofty constitution and by chimeric slogans.

If these activities have repercussions only in a small circle, if the press deals with them in the tone of respectful but not enthusiastic interest, it is not due only to the sturdy conservatism of the middle-classes. The intellectual situation has changed too, and even the enthusiasts of 1945 feel more or less clearly that avant-gardism has ended in a blind alley. What followed Thornton Wilder, Anouilh, Robert Ardrey and Camus was "interesting" enough, but it was not more topical. It did not meet the general mood of the younger generation in Germany, a high-strung mood composed of apocalyptic fear and a longing for stability. Neither Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" nor Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire" could match this mood. They were well appreciated by critics, but the audiences felt behind these plays a background of normalcy—the very thing that is lacking in Germany.

★

SO a certain vacuum is felt—the same vacuum as in France, where playwrights grope about between analytic exploration, satire and neo-romanticism. But while in France many new plays are staged, there are only heaps of manuscripts piled on the desks of German theater-managers. Most of these plays by young authors without stage experience have to be refused, and the empty drawers of authors of some renown are more obvious in the dramatic field than in the lyric and fiction fields.

Only two plays had a real success in the last few years: "The Devil's General," the tragedy of General Udet, which was written by an emigrant to the United States, Carl Zuckmayer, and "Outside the Door," by Wolfgang Borchert, which is the work of a young writer who died after the war at the age of 23. More the cry of a tormented heart than a work of art, it expressed the feelings of a generation uprooted by the war and lost in the world they came back to.

Two things discourage most authors from trying their hands as playwrights: there is no longer a natural center for theatrical life; neither Duesseldorf nor Hamburg nor Munich can take the place of Berlin as the proving ground of dramatic talents for two generations. And, except for some few private theaters, all stages are in the hands of states and municipalities. The cultminister of Bavaria's banning of Werner Egk's ballet "Abraxas" from the Munich Opera is the best-known, but not the only, example of cultural life being dominated by narrow-minded officials.

However there is much discussion and experimentation in little theaters and among groups of young people. Catholic and Protestant youths stage everything from pious popular plays to the surrealist "Sign of Jona" by the young Protestant chaplain Rutenborn. Most of them feel by now that the time of a problem-laden theater is over, that the stage must be something more than a pulpit and a play more than a text-book, that the boards must represent, not simply discuss the world. As yet, the future of the German theater is as misty as the platforms of the 50 or 60 political groups formed in the last few years. But unlike the young politicians, the theater is still very eager to contact the world abroad. Perhaps it will help to lead the way between traditional forms and new matter.

CLARA MENCK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Strike Complex

THE labor world is as unpredictable as marriage. Peace there, as elsewhere, is difficultly won and precariously held. This is explained by many things, including, I suppose, original sin; but mainly by the fact that the will to peace is always softened by the mutual suspicion which shadows industrial relations.

One of the things which has maintained the warfare is labor's almost obsessed unwillingness to abandon the strike. This reluctance is understandable if only on the ground that in a country where involuntary servitude is legally forbidden, it could hardly be expected that men would impose that servitude upon themselves. For if men believe that to be without the right to strike is to be unfree, it is scarcely consolatory that the freedom was given up rather than seized. From this, by the way, it might safely be argued—though I am not here making the argument—that such unwillingness shows how profoundly moral labor is, since to refuse to yield something implies that its contractual abandonment places it beyond recapture. In any event, save in unusual cases, the war being one, labor unions have not made a custom of writing no-strike pledges into their contracts.

Surely one of the things that drew the interest of most of us to the General Motors' settlement was the legitimate expectation that peace, meaning specifically the absence of strikes, in that large segment of the auto industry will prevail. Not as well known or as much written about was the expectation of like peace in the trucking industry in New York City. Yet the fact is that such a contract carrying in it pledges of neither strike nor lockout was made here in May. The contract provides for arbitration of *all disputes* in respect of wages, hours and working conditions for a period of four years.

This, one would think, is worthy of observation and of praise not only because peace, in labor or outside of it, is the chief interest and desideratum of our nervous times, but because, by those who hold the strike to be outmoded as being a mere exercise in industrial savagery, arbitration has been looked upon with approving and exultant eyes. Moreover, it is as unlikely, generally, that labor unions would submit wage issues to arbitration as that I would think it a matter for outside determination whether or not my baby daughter is the most beautiful child in the world.

★

NONETHELESS such a peace pact has been signed between Local 807 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and the Motor Carriers Association in the City of New York. And it has been ratified by the members, or at least some of them, of the local union. It is now in writing that strikes will be barred until September 1, 1954. It is agreed that all issues, including the negotiation or re-negotiation of a contract, would be decided by an arbitrator who would be the selection of the Mayor of New York City.

This is important in itself. It is more important still when it is remembered that New York City had a trucking strike in 1946 and yet another in 1948.

But as the priest said in one of Scott Fitzgerald's stories, "things go glimmering." It began to look this week as if men had cried peace when there is no peace. The fact is that the idea that labor relations in the trucking industry would benefit from this kind of agreement is one which hardly captivates the rank and file of Local 807. And this not only because the local regards itself as "democratic" and "militant," but because the membership seems to think that "militancy" pays off.

It has some good evidence for so thinking. As a direct result of the strike in 1946 the drivers won a wage increase of 31 cents an hour. And in 1948 a committee representing thirteen of the locals in the industry agreed to an increase of 15 cents. But Local 807 rejected the agreement, struck and got an increase of 17 cents as well as a welfare plan.

Nonetheless the leaders of the local are betting their political careers on the new plan. From their point of view strikes are both risky and costly. They know that they are operating in an industry that is highly competitive, that New Jersey truckers have been able to take business from New Yorkers, that shipping into and out of New York is declining, that unemployment is a consequent threat, that over the past five years membership in the local has dropped off. They think that membership can both be maintained and increased if labor and management collaborate on plans to bring more trucking to New York City. As a matter of fact, such a plan, the details of which have not been worked out, is part of the so-called peace pact. Moreover, arbitration of all disputes will guarantee continued work and wages otherwise lost during strikes. This, at any rate, is the point of view of the people I talked to in the union.

★

IT IS always difficult for leaders of a "militant" union to make successful exercises in persuasion and to hold on to their jobs. It is even more difficult in a union whose members, as in Local 807, have no fixed job as do workers in a shop. It is more difficult than most men are willing to admit to get workers to attend their union meetings, even when there are issues that seem to be both exciting and important.

This is the least concealed and least spoken of feature of the labor movement. It accounts mainly for the long political life of some of our leaders in the American Federation of Labor. It accounts, in some measure, for men like "Big Bill" Hutcheson of the Carpenters union, Tracey of the Electrical Workers and Dan Tobin of the Teamsters.

I hasten to add that this lack is not a distinguishing feature of unions alone, marking them off, say, from stockholders or from you and me in our normal civic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

practices. Those who, like Tocqueville, Calhoun, Lord Acton and Matthew Arnold, feared the development in the United States of "tyranny by majorities" reckoned without much understanding of apathy as a characteristic of political life. What is to be feared, if I might make an aside, is not the tyranny of majorities but of minorities, since political dictatorship is often the result of abandonment, by the electorate in unions as well as outside of them, of responsibility.

★

BUT this, as the English say, is by the way. The fact is that for ratification of its pact Local 807 could not get enough of the membership at a meeting to be satisfied with the result. So ballots were sent to the members in the mail.

Out of a membership of ten thousand, six thousand did not vote at all. 1,327 ballots were cast against the plan, and 1,526 in favor of it. 956 ballots were voided.

Local 807 does not operate in a wholly independent world. With other local unions it is part of a Teamsters Joint Council. This Council has attacked not the new peace pact, but the manner of its ratification. It contends that to ratify an agreement by mail is to risk the possibility of fraud. It does not contend, so far as I have been able to find out, that fraud exists in this instance, but it thinks, its leaders John J. O'Rourke and Martin T. Lacey think, that a better and safer method could be found. The known fact that O'Rourke and Lacey have been "at odds" with Local 807 does not, necessarily, impair their contention. In any event the Joint Council has ruled that the referendum is "illegal." And this ruling has been appealed by the local to the International Executive Board. Unless I don't know my way around anymore, the appeal, in fact, will be dealt with by Dan Tobin, who is the president of the International Union. It so happens, my underground tells me, that Mr. Tobin is in favor of the pact.

In any event talks between the representatives of the union and the Motor Carriers Association have already begun and a contract running until 1952 is in the making. If the peace plan is approved arbitration will apply to this contract as well as to its successor. As a result no strike will take place until 1954, two-year contracts being normal.

★

I BEGAN by saying that the thing called the labor movement is unpredictable. But I think we can make book on the proposition that the strike will be abandoned by Local 807. And it might very well be true the other local unions in the trucking industry will make similar agreements. Indeed it is not at all unlikely that this peace pact may become a model for other big cities like Chicago and San Francisco, to name just two.

It may be that at least in one segment of our life people are growing up enough to learn to get along together without warfare or the continual threat of warfare. It might very well be.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Screen

SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING NEW

AT LEAST you have to give the movies credit for trying to do something different occasionally. Their try may not be too successful; but any effort to be original in this medium which tends too often to rest on its laurels and stars should be welcomed.

Producer Dore Schary and Director William A. Wellman are pretty proud of *"The Next Voice You Hear . . ."* a film that was made without name-stars, on a small budget and in a short length of time. Its script by Charles Schnee is supposed to show what happens to a group of average Americans when they hear God on the radio for six successive nights. The stage is well set, concentrating on one family, a mama, papa and son played effectively, though rather cutely at times, by Nancy Davis, James Whitmore and Gary Gray. You get a lot of Mr.-and-Mrs.-America-at-home stuff and everything is very normal and cozy. Then socko! Plain Joe Smith, American, and lots of other people hear the voice of God on the radio and He promises to be with them for the next few days. As soon as it is established that this is not a well organized hoax, not another trick by Orson Welles, Joe Smith and his family and friends and co-workers are thrown into quite a tizzy.

I think that the main faults of "The Next Voice You Hear . . ." lie in the overexcitement that is worked up when people realize that this really is God talking to them and in the understatement and let-down when the film tries to come to some solution. That everyone should be so shocked at hearing God on the radio seems slightly ridiculous; but I'm glad to report that most of the people accept His messages (which are relayed to us by the various characters) with a great deal of calm—especially God's main message to keep alive such simple words as love, faith, freedom and peace.

The movie really tries awfully hard to please members of all faiths—which is probably why it seems so platitudinous and over-simplified. Once the script establishes the fact that everyday things are miracles as well as the fact that Mrs. Joe Smith is very pregnant, you know that the big finale will be built around the birth of a baby. We have already been led to believe that God has performed a few minor miracles such as fixing the starter on Joe's car, which hasn't worked for some time, and softening the stoney heart of Joe's boss (Art Smith) who has been behaving most unpleasantly. "The Next Voice You Hear . . ." is a difficult picture to review. You may come away from it glowing with goodness and kindness. I, for one, found it a lot of pretentious corn—in spite of its praiseworthy and unpretentious production; and not for one minute would I disparage the original ideas of its makers who are heartily applauding their own efforts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE English have sent over an original little item, as sophisticated and delightful a study of evil as you'd ever want to see. Actually one has to approach *"Kind Hearts and Coronets"* in the light-hearted spirit with which it was made or one becomes lost in a welter of diabolic schemes. Its plot centers on a young man (deftly played by Dennis Price) who is determined to become a duke even if he has to kill the eight people who are above him on the family tree. How he and fate dispose of these eight makes some of the grimmest humor ever put into a movie, and what's more it is further decorated with a love affair (involving Joan Greenwood) that's pretty much on a level with his casual attitude toward wholesale homicide.

If "Kind Hearts and Coronets" weren't directed so well by Robert Hamer, and written with such tongue-in-cheek by Mr. Hamer and John Dighton, it would fall flat on its face. It is expertly performed by a good cast which also includes Valerie Hobson, as the wife of one of our young man's victims, and Alec Guinness who plays all eight victims. Obviously this trick of Guinness in eight roles in one movie is just one more *tour de force* in an amusing film full of *tours*. I'm not sure which of the murders proves the funniest, perhaps the one in which Guinness as Lady Agatha is disposed of while riding in a balloon. Our young man stands at a window with bow in hand as he says, "I shot an arrow into the air. She fell to earth in Berkeley Square."

Michael Balcon's production is entirely in keeping with the fanciful script; the turn-of-the-century English sets and costumes fit the satirical nonsense perfectly. I shall not reveal what happens to the young man when he finally becomes a duke. You may find the proceedings getting just a bit tiresome before this point, but don't give up before the finale which is as cynical as what went before. Actually one wouldn't want to see many pictures like "Kind Hearts," but a tired movie critic certainly does welcome a diversion—even if it's a spoof.

★

THE Italians also crash through with something different, although I must say *"Heart and Soul"* does bear a resemblance to "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." It has a touching and sweet story about schoolmaster who has a real concern for his young charges. His understanding and good sense get him into trouble occasionally, but his reward is the great love that the youngsters have for him. And the pretty girl, who was at first so interested in the lieutenant of her own age, finally realizes his worth. This Italian film, with English subtitles, has great charm and it is most pleasantly acted by Vittorio De Sica and Maria Mercader, in the lead roles, and a lot of boys and girls who seem very real. Moviegoers who prefer fast-action pictures had better steer clear of this rambling film that concentrates on characterization and little episodes. But the sentimental and the romantically inclined will find that this movie fits its title beautifully.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Over the Bent World

IN A RECENT edition of *Témoignage Chrétien* (100 rue de Richelieu, Paris, 11e), Abbé G. Michonneau, author of *Revolution in a City Parish,* wrote under the heading of "Pentecost for All."

> There are people who think they have been enlightened by miraculous visions. That is all right if, while they are waiting out their official canonization by the Church after they die, they don't want to be canonized by the Holy Ghost while they still live.
>
> There are others who are sure they have private revelations and who constantly depend on interior, personal inspirations. You would almost believe that they had a special wire to the Holy Spirit and waited for some kind of mystical telephone buzzer before attempting anything, making up their minds or deciding on a course of action.
>
> I don't have a sour attitude, and, *mon Dieu,* I firmly believe that the Lord has the right and power to intervene directly in the lives of His children, but very often I get the impression that by closing the doors and pulling down the shutters on their interior dwelling, they become blind to the general action of the Holy Ghost and monopolize Him for themselves alone.
>
> There are still others who monopolize Him for their own generation. To listen to them you would get the idea that the world was lost, now that they no longer have control of it. Without a doubt their generation had initiative, strength and courage and helped to advance the Church and the world. I believe certainly that the Holy Spirit moved them just as He moved those who went before them. But I also imagine that they confused a lot of their own personal views and caprices with the revelations of the Holy Spirit, and I absolutely refuse to believe that the slowing-up of their generation has also meant the slowing-up of divine action in the world. I think that this generation, like all others, knows something about the tensions between the influence of the devil and the action of the Holy Spirit. I myself was young with those who are now growing old, and I assure you that even then those who criticized us were not wholly satisfactory to the generation that preceded them . . .
>
> Finally there are those who monopolize the Holy Spirit for a class or a special caste and who limit Him to just one way of moving, as if God were not able to act in two ways and on two levels at the same time, from above and below—on the people themselves and on those who lead them, on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the flock and on the shepherds; as if He did not watch over pastors and sheep alike. . . .

I would go so far as to say that no one should limit the movements of the Holy Spirit even to the bosom of our Church. Certainly He is in the Church as in His own temple, in the body to which He gives breath and life. But when I see how the Spirit of God which hovers over the world even in times of chaos led Jews and Gentiles alike to the very heights of Pentecost . . .

When I see how He continues to come down into every walk of like; how, inside the Church and without, He continues to move the world and to provide leaven for the mass that has grown heavy with evil . . .

When in this day, I see the great sense of renewal which He has stirred up in the Church—all the missionary ideas, all the changes, all the inspiration found throughout the world so that it is like a wonderful springtime . . .

When I see that so much of the ferment outside the Church that had the appearance of death was after all really a great impulse toward justice and charity . . .

When I see how the Christian people have been aroused to greater fervor and a clearer vision of grace and the Mystical Body, which goes beyond mere theological treatises . . .

When I see all this, then it is, more than in private revelations, that I admire and adore the movements of the Holy Spirit. Then it is that I admire His strength and His immensity and His delicacy. All that hints of His power and His love and His mobility—all that is what I adore.

In private, personal inspirations I fear somewhat that I will find the spirit of man. But in the march of history I am sure to find the very Spirit of God.

Marital Spirituality

THE Cana Conference of Chicago (17315 S. Yale Avenue, Chicago 21) recently published the proceedings of a Cana Study Week held last summer. Priests and laity active in the Cana movement throughout the country are among the contributors. The following excerpt is from a talk given by Dr. A. H. Clemens, Professor of Sociology at the Catholic University of America.

> I think our spirituality has been so largely celibate that we need to develop a marital spirituality. Other than the manuals of the Third Order and perhaps the *Introduction to a Devout Life* by St. Francis de Sales, I know of no literature that I could put into the hands of a newly married couple that would show them the way to strive for moral and spiritual perfection in the married state.
>
> Most of the literature I would have to give them

ORATE FRATRES

Pioneer Liturgical Review in English, founded by Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B. In the 24th year of recognized leadership.

Mass, Sacraments, and Sacramentals, including the Divine Office and the Church year—these are first in the life of the Church. Active and intelligent participation in them is therefore likewise primary in the formation of a fully Christian life, whether of the individual or of a parish. Such participation means putting on the mind of the Church—which is the mind of Christ—in regard to God, society, oneself.

Orate Fratres strives to further such participation. It also shows how such a "living with the Church" radically effects all departments of human thought and endeavor. Particular stress is laid on the relation between liturgy and the social questions. Integrates the whole field of "the Catholic revival." Twelve issues a year, 48 pages each issue.

ORATE FRATRES Subscription rates:
1 year $2.50* (outside U.S.A. $3.00).
2 years $4.25* (outside U.S.A. $5.25).

*American Possessions and Territories take regular U.S.A. rate.

THE LITURGICAL PRESS
ST. JOHN'S ABBEY
Collegeville, Minnesota

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

A monthly paper dedicated to the cause of labor, the poor, the oppressed.

Written in the language of the man on the street, THE CATHOLIC WORKER is openly and unashamedly the champion of the have-nots.

Articles on strikes, civil liberties, war, national policy, labor unions, the land, the Works of Mercy.

House of Hospitality in New York and affiliated groups and houses in various American cities.

Subscription, 25c per year. Foreign, 80c per year. Bundle orders, 10 or more copies, 1c per copy plus postage.

THE CATHOLIC WORKER
115 Mott St., New York 13, N. Y. C060

Please send me THE CATHOLIC WORKER for.... years. I am enclosing $..... My subscription starts with the ..... issue

Name .....

Address .....

Post Office ..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was devised by celibates and for celibates and would require an extensive revamping on their part; we cannot assume they have the ability to do that. *The Imitation of Christ* is a wonderful book. We class it after the Bible, I believe, as the highest in value; but to the average married Catholic couple, Thomas à Kempis might well merely serve to discourage their growth in spirituality.

So it seems that ours is a job of translating the principles of ascetics into the marital area. Obviously our lay people can't do that for themselves. Also, we need to inspire married people to sublimate ordinary duties of their daily grind by seeing them in their spiritual context. If we did, we would not find, for instance, so many preferring office work to housekeeping and homemaking. They would prefer the home if they understood the home in its full spiritual context. The very fact that they are reluctant to stay at home and are always ready to leave it, is a clearcut indication that they have lost sight of the spiritual vision of homemaking. So, if we can get them to see the virtues behind their ordinary duties—the hidden graces in washing dishes—I think we are doing for them precisely what they want done. And lastly, if we can show them how they can honor and glorify God by channeling "the use of creatures" in marriage, we will be giving them precisely what they appreciate getting.

Books

Proust, Portrait of a Genius. Andre Maurois. Harper. $4.50.

THE unusual episodes in Proust's life, his retreat to a sound-proof room, his occasional nocturnal debouchments are general knowledge. With the publication of some of his letters a greater insight to his temperament and thought was made possible. This biography by a prolific Frenchman combines a further study of the novelist's strange life with an interpretation of his art as expressed in the well-known, if not so well read, work, *Remembrance of Things Past.*

It may be that biographies of novelists and poets are usually pre-judged. For those people who have approved and enjoyed his writing, the novelist's life can be viewed as a courageous, illuminating struggle; for the people who dislike and deny his creations the life of the poet may be seen as the prime cause for inferior or invalid art. It is conceivable that this book will serve as justification for readers who admire Proust greatly and for those who find little to admire in his writing.

The descriptions of the super-sensitive young man who wept frequently can prompt pity in some, disdain in others; his manipulation of friends, his intense adulation of women acquaintances might be inspected from two opposing points; his use of actual persons and actual happenings, his industrious promotion of his own novel, his campaigning for a prize, all these things and others could work to assure readers who look on Marcel Proust as one of the greatest novelists and those who believe that he created only a world of death and darkness that their positions are unassailable.

Maurois had for his use many papers in the possession of Proust's family which have not been published elsewhere. They are helpful in restoring the shadowy figure of the writer. He has a detached manner when he discusses sexual inversion, and his discussion of this element in Proust's life and Proust's writing is interesting and plausible. His handling of the time quality in Proust's novel is also successful.

The selection of excerpts to illustrate general statements is exceptionally good. In almost every instance Maurois has picked the apt words to enforce a position, and a reading of *Remembrance* after this book demonstrates how effectively the tone and the technique of the novelist have been transported by his biographer. It is in this that Maurois has accomplished his greatest service.

The sub-title of the book makes it unnecessary to label Maurois' attitude toward Proust. For him Marcel Proust is the eccentric but undeniable genius who overcame severe obstacles to create an astounding world of beauty, a world of beauty founded on the use of things remembered and transformed, a world of beauty founded on the unique ability of the artist to form a substantial, and eternal cosmos in an uncertain, saddening world of space and time.

But this book can be enjoyed by those who would deny the judgment of Maurois. Not because Proust emerges as a distinct and arresting personality so much, but because the associations between Proust's characters and their world and the contemporaries of Proust and their milieu are traced and restored for the readers who are interested in examining the mysterious ways of works in progress.

GEORGE MILES.

Phoenix and Turtle. The Unity of Knowing and Being. Thomas Gilby. Longmans. $3.

THE youthful mind, Newman has said, has no principles for the intellect to build upon, no discriminating convictions, and no grasp of consequences. These defects are not mended by an accumulation of credits, nor by exposure to survey courses before the student embarks on the real business of his major subject. The one thing necessary is a certain habit of mind, a connected view, an affection for ultimate things.

In these variations on themes of a realist philosophy Father Gilby exhibits that habit of mind. But the just estimate of meaning is not gained without much effort. As he puts it, "Metaphysics cannot be mugged up like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the dates of the Kings of England. One must slide into it slowly and let it become a habit of mind." It is a difficult subject and the author has not undertaken to write a primer for beginners, expounding in a straightforward manner or with a succession of diagrams. Here rather is a roundabout discussion, a brilliant, down-to-earth conversation on lofty matters.

The ancient problems of knowledge and being are "to be bandied about, and better slangily than not at all." If we are to reflect on the first propositions of thought, on thing and nothing, or consider whether knowing contains but a mental state, we are necessarily involved in high abstractions. But Father Gilby brings them to life with imagination and human sympathy, taking all experience as relevant, "sublime or earthy, ambitious and humble." Thus we are introduced to the lonely eminences but continually brought back to "the common or garden world of hues and scents and song."

Metaphysics, Father Gilby points out, lays no claim to the making of new discoveries. What it does is to heighten and stabilize the truth, quieting our restlessness in the superficial and secondary things with the assurance of the primary and profound. Nature does nothing in vain and the reaching out of the mind is thus inexplicable unless there be an end. Despite all waywardness in the intellect "there is a profound drive to certainty, not so much for comfort as for the sake of its own integrity in the possession of an unqualified object."

"A time comes," Father Gilby concludes, "when wisdom is to know what are the proper questions to ask. Then may the proper answers be expected." The general reader will not find these questions easy, but this is a book to expand and exercise his mind in the philosophical temper.

EDWARD LITTLEJOHN.

I Chose Justice. Victor Kravchenko. Scribner's. $3.75.

KRAVCHENKO'S first book, *I Chose Freedom,* told a very wide international audience why he broke with the Soviet industrial bureaucracy while on a mission in Washington, and stayed in this country. It was necessarily a sensational book, because the author was in a position to know the Soviet Union well, and in no frame of mind to be reticent. Of course, the Soviets and Communists went about a job of character assassination on him. In November, 1947, in Paris, they published a lying article in *Les Lettres Françaises* which Kravchenko chose to fall upon. By calling those responsible to book for libel, he produced a big political trial in the French courts, and won his case in March, 1949.

This is the book of the trial and it has an immense amount of material in it. In the heated political situation of Paris, Kravchenko produced witnesses escaped from the Soviet Union and mostly inhabitants of the DP camps, who upheld the charges he had made against the Soviet regime. Their testimony forms sickening documentation of the inhumanity of the Communist government and policies, especially in regard to the control

JOURNAL OF ARTS AND LETTERS

Symposium on Sacred Art is Still Available

Signs of Spring . . . . . A. de Bethune
Art and Growth . . . . . Barry Byrne
Catholic Aestheticism . . . . . Graham Carey
The Modern Movement in Art . . Richard Douaire
Art as Active Religion . . . . Sister Esther, S.P.
Optimism in the Arts . . . . B. Justus George, F.S.C.
Psychological Aspect of Sacred Art . . Ann Grill
Sacred Art and Stylism . Mary of the Compassion, O.P.
Christian or Pagan Architecture? . Pie Regamey, O.P.
Liturgy, Art, and the Bourgeois Mind . H. A. Reinhold

(This Symposium Constitutes the Spring Issue of 1950)

The Summer issue will feature "Keith, Mystic Painter" (with numerous full color reproductions); "The Devil IS in Hamlet"; "Newman and Liberal Knowledge"; "The Sermons of Leo the Great." Each issue contains in addition to book reviews commentaries on American and European periodical literature in Religion, the Arts, and Philosophy.

Three dollars a year Single copy, one dollar

4247 Washington Boulevard, Chicago 24, Ill.

Notre Dame Academy

Grymes Hill Staten Island, N. Y.
Resident and Day School
Conducted by the Religious of The Congregation of Notre Dame
Separate Junior Department
High School: College Preparatory and General Courses
Art, Music, Dramatics, Athletics, Riding
Chartered by the Regents. Accredited by the Middle Atlantic States Association
Ideally located overlooking New York Harbor
Telephone Gibraltar 7-0291

CAMP WE-HA-KEE On Green Bay Marinette, Wisconsin
For Girls 6-16
Conducted by Dominican Sisters, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin
1950 Season June 27-August 22, $300
For information write
Sister David O'Leary, 192 Ridge Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

Albertus Magnus College
New Haven, Connecticut
Founded and directed by the Dominican Sisters of St. Mary of the Springs. Resident and non-resident students. Liberal Arts, Pre-Medicine, Pre-Law and Teacher Training courses lead to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. Fully accredited, including accreditment by the American Medical Association. Ninety minutes from Grand Central

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and brutality of the NKVD, and to the violent agricultural collectivization. He established the truth of claims he made in *I Chose Freedom* about his own former position in Russia which gave him the opportunity to know what he wrote.

It is decidedly not a pleasant book to read. The cumulative stories of the witnesses test the reader's carrying capacity for brutality. The author's style and personal story and reflection beat out the political and moral lessons, but rather fail to create an atmosphere of humanity and sympathy. PHILIP BURNHAM.

The Nazarene. Eugenio Zolli. Herder. $5.

HIS first full-length publication in English serves, though this is by no means its purpose, as a vindication of the former Rabbi of Rome. There have been those who called him a traitor, questioning the sincerity of his conversion, attributing it to romanticism, opportunism, mistaken gratitude to the Holy See, a nervous breakdown, etc. Others have misused some of his words to justify their own anti-Semitism, as when recently a Spanish nationalist tried to cite Professor Zolli as a witness that *Jewish* nationalism was diabolical. But his book, which was first written years before his conversion in 1945, reveals both his enduring affection for his people and his awed love for Christ, Whom he called in 1934, in another publication, the "bending down of heaven to earth," "the flame which, after having consumed itself in this world, is resplendent with imperishable life in another."

The Nazarene is not, as one might think, a life of Christ, but a series of studies in New Testament exegesis, representing a wealth of erudition, so much that at times it tends to bury Zolli's own contribution. With his knowledge of Aramaic, the language spoken by Our Lord and His people, of Old Testament tradition and of Rabbinical methods, he examines in each essay an expression from the Gospels, such as "Let the dead bury their dead," "the salt of the earth," "pearls before swine," "Lamb of God"— "lamb," for instance, in the original Aramaic, means both "lamb" and "son." The name of the book is taken from its second chapter, "The Nazarene," which shows that this title of Christ refers not to His home in Nazareth but to His preaching. Speaking with authority, as no man spoke before; reaching the hearts of His hearers with words of flame; offering new wine, rivers of living waters, He is *the* Nazarene, *the* prophetic Preacher. . . .

Each essay brings out Christ's uniqueness, His "glorious isolation." The last, "Divine Justice and Hebrew Thought," contrasts the sufferer of the Old Testament with the Sufferer of the New. "Job does not wish to suffer; he suffers because he cannot escape his sufferings. He is a victim by necessity. The Servant of God, who is Jesus Christ, suffers because He wishes to suffer in order to blot out the sins of others. Job submits to a destiny. The Servant of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, undertakes the act of a voluntary, expiatory sacrifice. And in Him it is God who offers Himself and suffers."

Of the Sermon on the Mount the Rabbi become disciple says: "May God be praised for so splendid a gift!" When he first wrote *The Nazarene,* it was, though he did not know it, a preparation for the gift of faith. This edition, however, is a token of his gratitude, a giving thanks that the age of grace has begun and the Good News is ours, that Christ has come and we need not wait for another. JOHN M. OESTERREICHER.

Marti: Apostle of Freedom. Jorge Manach. Devin-Adair. $4.50.

THE subject of this fulsome biography was noted for the ardor of his temperament. As a young man he was almost continually in love; then every so often this young Cuban patriot would be stirred by meeting some person of the loftiest political sentiments. Marti was an avid reader, a lyrical writer and, preeminently, an orator of tremendous effectiveness.

These were the gifts which he impassionedly threw into the cause of Cuban independence—a cause that was to break up his home, exile him from the land and people he most loved and take his very life three years before the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. *Marti* is a convincing study of personal devotion to the cause of a nation's freedom.

For all its dramatic moments the book has something decidedly elusive about it. Possibly national aspirations no longer wield the powers of attraction they once did. Possibly it is because Marti's personal life was so disordered or because he was so prey to long-discounted nineteenth century ideas. Perhaps a certain spark is lacking in the writing. Whatever it is, the book does not engender in me the wholehearted enthusiasm which Marti still evokes throughout Latin America to this day. Yet here is a man who gave his whole life to a cause and rushed out to die for what he believed in.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

The Psychoanalyst and the Artist. Daniel E. Schneider. Farrar, Straus. $3.

TO DO JUSTICE to this book a rather long review would be needed. As it is, only this can be said: The author, a psychiatrist and writer of fiction, inquires into the nature of artistic creativity. His principles are those of an undiluted Freudianism. Hence, his views stand and fall with the acceptance or rejection of this doctrine.

This is not to say that his book does not contain many valuable remarks which may retain their significance if "translated" into a language other than that of Freud. His penetrating analysis of Macbeth or of Oedipus King could well be worked over so as to achieve a more general meaning.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The psychoanalytic approach leads the author sometimes to statements which are rather preposterous. Even a psychoanalyst might consider the possibility that some line in a play allows for a non-Freudian interpretation. (e.g. Oedipus, angered by the resistance of Tiresias, declares that he will solve the problem "untaught by birds"; that is, without the help of the art of divination. But the bird being a sexual symbol in Freud, the implication is obvious to the psychoanalyst, though not to another reader. Nor is the "leader of the chorus" something unique to Sophocles; he is a figure also in Aeschylus.)

The analysis of pictorial art is concerned mainly with works by Chagall and Picasso; there are eleven reproductions. This seems a small basis for a general theory of the fine arts. One wonders whether the paintings of Van Dyck or of Ghirlandajo would lend themselves to the same sort of interpretation. There is no doubt that the author has seen problems and has delved more deeply into them than many other authors, especially his psychoanalytic comrades. The critical student of a psychology of artistic production may profit somewhat from reading this volume.

RUDOLF ALLERS.

The Legacy. Nevil Shute. Morrow. $3.

A RESOURCEFUL English girl who survives three years of Japanese captivity and returns "down under" a couple of years after the war to start a new life with an Australian she met in Malaya is the heroine of this novel. The author, a technically highly skilled storyteller, eventually lets money and geography all but overwhelm the basically sound plot and rather thin characterization.

Jean Paget, young and attractive, inherits £50,000 from a distant relative in late 1946 and resolves, first to return and aid the natives of a Malayan village who had been kind to her and her companions during the forced march, and then to look for the soldier-prisoner who had risked torture and death to bring them food. The description of how she accomplishes both missions, goes on to marry the ex-soldier, and then change the economy of a crude and lonely little Australian cattle-station town ends up sounding like a cross between a Fitzpatrick travelogue and the keynote speech at an advertising convention. Civilization of a sort is brought to her new husband's frontier neighbors in a series of enterprises—one following the other rapidly and quite profitably—a small shoe factory, a soda fountain, swimming pool, cinema, etc. The £50,000—considering inventory, property, good-will, etc.—is practically intact and still the dominant figure in the story at the end. The formula contains a pinch of social consciousness and a dash of sex, enough to titillate the average slick-paper magazine reader at whom it is presumably aimed.

PAUL FARRELL.

Current Authors

During the past year The Commonweal has published the views of a wide range of contributors including:

Dorothy Day
Waldemar Gurian
Ronald Knox
Emmet Lavery
Compton Mackenzie
Jacques Maritain
Bruce Marshall
Francois Mauriac
Milton Mayer
Willis D. Nutting
Sean O'Faolain
J. F. Powers
James Rorty
George N. Shuster
Leo J. Trese
Gerald Vann

For writing of this kind send for a trial subscripton to The Commonweal.

12 WEEKS FOR $1
FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

The Commonweal
386 Fourth Ave.
New York 16, N. Y.

FOR ME ☐
FOR A FRIEND ☐

Name .....
Street .....
City 6/30/50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reginald Pole, Cardinal of England. W. Schenk. Longmans. $3.

THIS can be recommended as probably the best book on Pole, if shapeliness and conciseness are any criteria, or the careful scholarship that Dr. Schenk shows on every page. His death while his book was in the press is a real loss.

Nobody, however, will ever, I fear, be able to make Cardinal Pole wildly exciting, despite the stage on which he moved or his friendship with most of the great men and women of the day—from Henry VIII to Vittoria Colonna, from Thomas More to Thomas Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell, and from Gian Pietro Caraffa (who became Pope as Paul IV) to Mary Tudor.

During Henry's reign he had tried to avoid being made a Cardinal and the Papal Legate for England, because he did not desire honors, and also because he knew that his leadership would incense the King so much as to make him contrive the eradication of all his Plantagenet relatives in England. If the Cardinal did not become a priest until Mary's reign, and only a couple of days before he was created Archbishop of Canterbury, this too was out of a sense of unworthiness. And before that he came within an inch of being elected Pope, which office he could have had except for his unwillingness to take it by the process known as "adoration." His life was marked by a series of renunciations and perhaps what many people will regard as futilities. When it ended, within a few hours of Queen Mary's death, it looked as though her work and his had gone down in total defeat.

Dr. Schenk makes the important point that Pole's work would have to be regarded in that light if thought of as being merely the restoration of Catholicism in England; but Pole was an ecclesiastical reformer, first working for a thorough renovation in Europe as a whole and then in his own native land. His judgment is worth quoting: "Pole's 'Reformatio Angliae' could not take root owing to the reversal of ecclesiastical policy after his death. As a result, Elizabeth's Church became the only unreformed Church in Europe. The Protestant churches had given expression, in varying degrees and different ways, to their ideas of reform; the Church of Rome had carried out a thorough-going spring-cleaning; but the Elizabethan Church remained unpurged." In what has come to be called the Counter-Reformation some of Pole's ideas played a prominent part, in particular, the plan he drew up for seminaries, for it was by this that Christendom obtained a well-trained clergy.

In a man in Pole's exalted position his degree of self-effacing modesty was a serious weakness. He remains for us pious, learned, and of untarnished fame, despite the vilification with which Froude and others have assailed him. But amiable though he was, and admirable in many ways, it is hardly too harsh to say of him that he was ineffectual. Even of his legateship he was unjustly deprived by his former friend, the irascible old Pope Paul IV, and not rehabilitated until long afterwards. His is an attractive figure, but one that one must contemplate in sadness.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Son and Stranger. David Demarest Lloyd. Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Luke Milam from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, stood beside their son's cross in England and remarked the fresh flowers on the grave, it was Mrs. Milam who sensed at once that Mathew had left a great deal out of his war letters. Prodded insistently by his wife, Luke Milam finally uncovered a love story which taught him how little he had known about his only child.

Mr. Lloyd is primarily interested in probing the father-son relationship—or lack of it—but he also brings into focus the status of the unmarried mother. Very tenderly he places Mary Harris, the mother of the Milam's grandson, on so firm a pedestal that it is Luke Milam who finds himself to be the one making excuses. Mary Harris then makes it clear that, although the baby would have been born in belated wedlock had Mathew Milam's plane returned from its last mission, the reason Mathew had deferred marriage was not only because he was afraid of hurting his mother but because he didn't want his child to be brought up in Cedar Rapids should he be killed. It seems that Luke Milam had been too interested in making a fortune to have had any time to give to his son, and Mrs. Milam's love was purely possessive.

Mary's parents saw to it that the baby was baptized, but Mary apparently suffered no qualms over her defiance of Church or society, nor over the bar sinister she had given her son.

Mr. Lloyd takes all his characters very seriously and dissects their simple reactions with Jamesian fervor; sadistically he lets Luke Milam blame himself for everything that has gone wrong with his wife, his son and with Mary. *Son and Stranger* is really rather too elongated a short story.

E.V.R. WYATT.

• REVIEWERS •

GEORGE MILES is a critic who lives in New York.

EDWARD LITTLEJOHN was formerly Australian Vice Consul in New York. He is now living in Detroit.

REV. JOHN OESTERREICHER is working on a book about the philosophical and religious thought of seven modern Jewish philosophers, to be called *Walls Are Crumbling.*

RUDOLF ALLERS, author of *The New Psychologies* and *The Successful Error,* is professor of psychology at Georgetown University.

PAUL FARRELL is an editor for Conover-Mast Publications.

THEODORE MAYNARD is a poet and historian whose books include, *Queen Elizabeth, Humanist as Hero, The World I Saw,* and *The Story of American Catholicism.*

E.V.R. WYATT is drama critic of the *Catholic World.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED